

ried young soldier, "for your crags we fear them not, were they high as the blue heavens. Our life has been among rocks, and in our land we are called the 'Sky Leapers.'" "I will trust the young Norseman," continued their chief, "wounded pride and slighted love will make a man have the land that has spurned him, were it his a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, small time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards show them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shewn by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were hosts of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge, which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery declivities so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file; and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled, by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return; now were they ready to win their proud name of SKY LEAPERS." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his, and thus, each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear; that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, rouged by the track of their leaders; and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unseparated.

What a change from the toilsome climb which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of lines, now lost, and then emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naerø, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half-unknown in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged gods, through the keen bracing night breeze of the hills.

At every step, the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nervous follower, that even the guide looked anxious and alarmed, when almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the pale light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The Sky Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightning speed. Their torches now flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in dark silence. The depth was so terrible, that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry

reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them, there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway; it is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father-land forever, still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valley which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten; and all his Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jecl returned, he would be well able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme "Aye," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that here they should earn their proud name of Sky Leapers—that here those who warred with Norway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder should wish that he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to night on our side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them too, so brave so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart non—Eun in and Norway!"

Alf well remembered one point, where a long straight path ended, suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice; and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; indeed the Swedes never could have passed it safely, without having before been warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back,—as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten the rapid flight, and darted holdly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning; and, for a second, he fell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink forever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky Leapers!

CANADIAN POLITICS.

From the London Weekly True Sun, 14th July.

CANADIAN RESISTANCE.—By Canadian papers to June 14th, which we received this morning, it appears that the most active resistance to the "Russell Atrocity," as the resolutions of that noble lord are aptly termed, is making throughout Lower Canada. Very full reports are given of a great meeting of the inhabitants of Two Mountains County "to take measures for the defence of the rights and the liberties of the people."

The meeting is spoken of as immense, and characterised by the most extreme enthusiasm. The banners carried by various parties were almost innumerable, and the inscriptions upon them were of the most undisguised and democratic character. The first in order is worth describing. It was carried by a man on horseback, inscribed in large letters with the word "CONTRABAND."

Papineau presided, and the meeting was attended by all the leading men of the county. In the course of a very eloquent speech Mr Papineau asked, "Shall we go again with petition to those who have heaped so much contumely upon us!—(Loud cries of "No, no, never!") No, my friends, we will not. There is a power in our neighbourhood which will have more sympathy for us, and which will treat our prayers with more respect, for it has known misfortune and can sympathise with the unfortunate." He described at great length the manner in which the people of the United States first began their successful opposition to the tyranny of England, and recommended the people of Canada to adopt exactly the same measures.

Resolutions carrying out the views of the honorable gentleman were put in French and English, and unanimously agreed to.

Thus gallantly commences the struggle for independence.

From the London True Sun

Our readers will see in another column the proclamation of Lord Gosford against the demonstrations of resistance to Lord John Russell's resolutions made by the people of Lower Canada.

It is an insane production, more calculated to irritate than intimidate a people snarling under the violation of their liberties. But it indicates the serious light in which the colonial government regard the meetings which have recently taken place. We give, likewise, extracts from the letter of a gentleman upon whose judgment we have great reliance, and the spirit in which he writes animates the whole population.

The position of the British Government with regard to Lower Canada is of the most unfortunate kind, for no compliance with a portion of the just demands of the Canadians would now appease their resentment, and the bigoted obstinacy with which the aristocracy of this country has ever been ruled in disputes with the Colonies, forbids the hope of a frank concession to the Canadians, of entire local self-government.

The question naturally occurring to every reflecting mind is, what will be the next move? Yet we doubt whether Lord John Russell has ever found time to ask himself any such question. If he has, the Colonial Office may have satisfied him by some official sophism. The energy of the Canadians has set at naught all the efforts of Downing-Street tyrants, and one of two courses now alone remains, either the Canadians must be satisfied or they must be put down by physical force. We apprehend the latter course is contemplated by the Government. It is not unlikely that a large majority of the aristocratic House of Commons will sanction the most violent measures, and it will be some time before the indignant remonstrances of the people will operate upon our legislature. In the mean time the Canadians will have become irreconcilably alienated, and the colony will be retained as a dependency of this country, by the same means that Russia retains her hold over Poland, or Austria maintains the allegiance of her Italian Provinces. The continuance of even that compulsory retention will depend upon the concurrence of various circumstances, the utter inability to resist on the part of the Lower Cana-